

WHEN BABY COMES to the ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

The Magnificent Equipments that Greet Heirs to Thrones

SO LONG as the disposition of property, including thrones, shall continue to go by inheritance, the world is likely to remember the importance that attached to the recent birth of little Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina, princess of Orange, heiress to the crown of Holland.

The poorest Dutch baby of Amsterdam, Rotterdam or any other town in Holland might have been as much loved, but no baby born among the races of mankind for many generations can have been so dearly prized.

In her small but valued person she embodied all that could possibly be important and treasured and momentous when a baby comes to a royal household; and while there isn't a single baby anywhere, from Rotterdam to Michigan, who cares whether it is born into a republican or a

royal cradle—since it has to grow up to know what it misses—there isn't a single baby's mother who hasn't coveted for her infant some of the more than exquisite comforts and more than imposing grandeur that attach to a princeling's cradle.

Maternal envy was aroused and stimulated for months before the longed-for Juliana Louise Wilhelmina appeared to take possession of her dainty Dutch layette; but if mothers the world over had been as well posted as Queen Wilhelmina about the splendors supplied other royal babies, they might have known that even queens—queens whose babies are so very important as hers—are not immune from the biting tooth of envy.

IT WOULD be hard to imagine a people more loyal to their ruling house than the Hollanders, for the very cogent reason that there isn't any other people that has such weighty ground for loyalty.

If the house of Orange should perish from the face of the earth the kingdom of Holland would stand more than a fair chance of perishing, too, because the all-powerful German empire most urgently needs Holland's ports and strategic situation in its business, both of commerce and of war.

The Hollanders, ever since Queen Wilhelmina represented the last genuine security for their immunity from the onerous military service and other hardships of German suzerainty, have looked to her as their one hope of continued independence; and, after her, to any

land community that special scales to weigh the baby were still lacking filled the inhabitants with joy, and straightway they provided scales of solid silver.

Rotterdam claimed the right of furnishing baby with a silver table set; Amsterdam, a complete toilet set; Groningen, a gold rattle set with diamonds and attached to a golden chain; Roermond, a silver hot-water bottle, lest baby ever get cold feet; the carpenters of Zaandam, the most luxurious swing they could devise; the artists of all Holland, a linen chest ornamented with their most skillful paintings; the women of Breda, a "wonder gift," full of delightful surprises; the town of Leeuwarden, a diary, all bound in silver, which should bear the daily journal of the treasured baby's days—the fond, quaint, beautiful comforts, luxuries and trappings



The Early Nest of Germany's Future Emperor

child she might bear.

So a whole people have for years beheld their liberties hanging upon their queen's expectation of offspring, and during those years have seen the hope again and again frustrated until, by what the pious among them believed to be a direct dispensation of Providence, the hope was realized, just about a month ago today.

Was it any wonder, then, that those people took to little Juliana Louise Wilhelmina with the fondness that even the foster-parents of ordinary babies fail to bestow; and was it any wonder that Juliana, when she did appear, found prepared for her such a nursery outfit as had never before been made in love and longing?

At The Hague the royal cradle was fitted out with embroideries worked by the wondrously expert lacemakers who made the coronation and bridal robes of the baby's royal mother. At Zealand the whole city gave itself up to the making of a perambulator, the hood of which carried the famous Sluis lace, with the specimens used such as had never been surpassed.

But Zealand was far from being content with its beautiful perambulator, and the various towns in the province vied with one another in securing individual gifts more or less appropriate and useful. The discovery by one Zeeland

kets which infancy could possibly need and motherhood delight in.

While all these luxurious appointments were being prepared—and that, at first, with no very great confidence of their ultimate availability—some genius of the picture postcard designed a charming likeness of Queen Wilhelmina standing beneath a portrait of the prince consort and bending over a most gorgeous cradle. It was called "A Royal Dream."

So faithful was it to the conditions, and so aptly did it depict the state of mind of the whole nation, that the postcard of the "Royal Dream" leaped into an instant, overwhelming popularity. All Holland took to sending it through the mails, as though the popular longing had at last found an emblem on which it could agree, and all Holland gazed with profound admiration upon the artist's fanciful curves and delicate traceries, convinced that only in such a wondrous cradle could be found a resting place worthy of the heir to its throne.

The one baby who rivaled the princess of Orange in desirability, during this generation, at least, was Alexis, the young czarvitch, whose coming rejoiced the imperial family of Russia about five years ago.

To the tiny czarvitch went the tiara of the grand dukes used in crowning the heir to the Russian throne, a crowning cap with an enor-



A Cradle Prepared for the Crown Prince of Spain

mous ruby, the ransom of a kingdom, set about with pearls in cloth of gold.

Also to him went the tiara of the absorbed kingdom of Kasan, the tiara of Astrachan, the tiara of Siberia, the tiara of the lower autocrats—crowns upon crowns, in which the most magnificent jewels that ever adorned semi-barbaric state glow and glitter and gleam in dazzling mockery of the child whose life lies ever upon the whim of destiny.

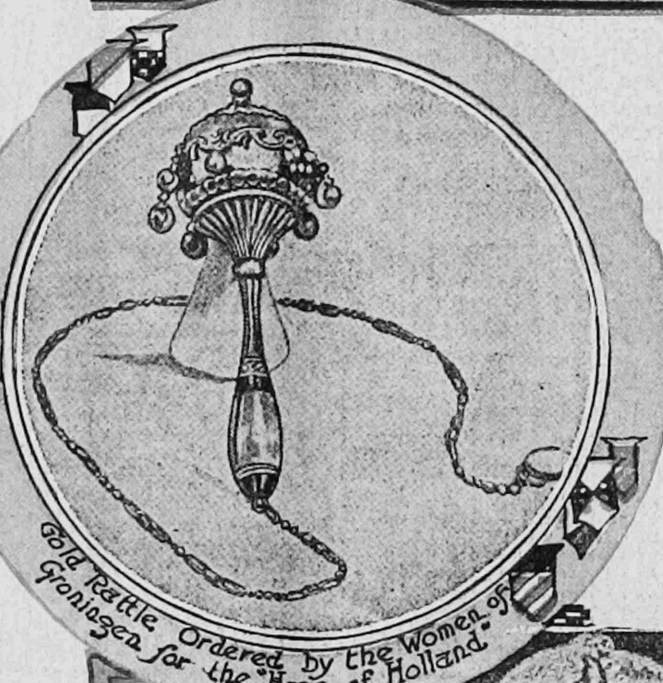
Right royally does the czarvitch realize his position as the future head of the world's greatest empire, and from the nursery in distant Russia there come many tales of his proud and imperious boyish way. But over all the anecdotes of Alexis and his little grand duchess sisters there lingers the sense of apprehension that his parents must ever feel, even while he is surrounded by the most splendid and strange of robes and laces and jewels—and soldiers sworn to defend him with their lives.

PLENTY OF BRITISH PRINCES

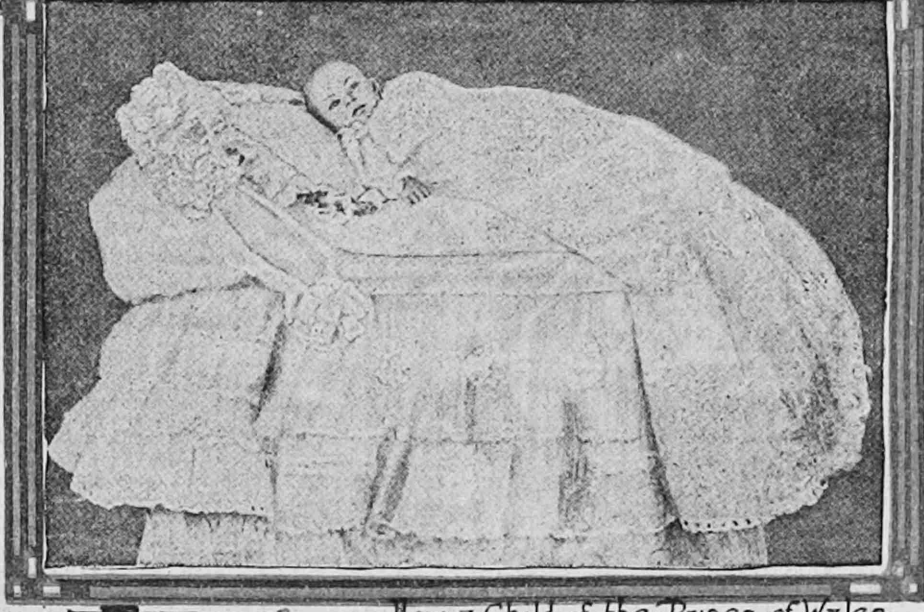
Great Britain, fortunate Great Britain, is the very opposite of fear-fraught Russia when it comes to its royalties, and the royal baby of the royal duke of York—he is prince of Wales now, since King Edward's accession—can be photographed in his embroideries and filmy laces with the certainty that a people who take their pride in their rulers will buy that photograph, and preserve it, and show it to visitors, with no thought other than that here is another princeling and the country can't have too many of them.

England, indeed, has had so many of them that there is no such fuss made over a new royal baby as has been stirred up in Russia, Holland or Spain.

There, indeed, have come the royal arrivals who are to be regarded simply as incidents in the natural course of events. And so in Spain, perhaps more than in Holland or in Russia, does the real significance of a royal baby find its just appraisal.



A Rattle Ordered by the Women of Holland for the Heir of Holland



How a Child of the Prince of Wales Had His First Picture Taken

A young couple, a kingdom well enough satisfied with them, every promise of the ordinary developments of royal family life—there was really nothing to greatly hope or greatly dread in the coming of the heirs.

But the prince of the Asturias, when Queen Victoria did bring him into the world, had some very fine nursery arrangements waiting for him: the swinging bassinet in which his father, King Alfonso, lay as an infant, with the real old Brussels lace adorning it; half a dozen other historic cradles which he couldn't possibly use; a layette that was made by scores of the most skillful workwomen of the kingdom; and even, when his royal mamma and King Alfonso took him to England, a special nursery on the British battleship Renown, where the cabin of one of the officers was converted to his distinctly domestic and peaceable uses.

Queen Victoria of Spain, the crown princess of Germany and the queen of Holland—these royal mothers may be accounted the most happy of all in the world of monarchy.

Unlike patient Wilhelmina of Holland, for whom such vast rejoicings were made a month ago, the other two have every promise of broods healthy and numerous enough to leave them carefree of Wilhelmina's deep anxieties of state. They are blessed in their happiness of the nursery, to which no gold or jewels, no silks or laces can add one quicker beat of joy in the pulsing of a mother's heart.



A Cloak for the Royal Infant